

## Visitors Answer Questions

Discuss the Weather, Sport and  
Compare Universities When  
Confronted by Reporter

### GATEWAY SLANDERED

Well, The Gateway has done it again! Horned in on two prominent young men just now, and gained an exclusive interview. The two aforementioned young men were the intervarsity debaters, Mr. Alvin Rosenbaum and Mr. John Conway. The Gateway, expecting anything and not quite sure whether she would live to repeat it, cautiously brought up the subject of the weather. But the young men were real gentlemen—no glasses, chairs, or what have you flew, and Mr. Rosenbaum informed The Gateway that in B.C. crocuses were blooming, so that's what they think of the weather. And did The Gateway feel squashed!

Mr. Conway then remarked that the tulips were on their way but the robins were a little late—Oooh-oh-h! And it's twenty below here!

The two debaters began questioning The Gateway reporter if this would be in tomorrow's Gateway. Before being able to answer, a stooge, we don't know of what or where, answered, "Yes, if it's out on time." That's a pal for you!

"Oh, The Ubyssy is always out on time," remarked Mr. Rosenbaum. The Ubyssy is the U.B.C. student paper, The Gateway reporter discovered.

"And a swell paper, too," emphatically declared both debaters.

"Have you seen much of Alberta's buildings yet, and what do you think of what you have seen," asked The Gateway reporter.

"They're very nice. Mr. Costigan has taken us through the Arts, Med and Big Tuck. We think the residences are very fine."

"Do you think it would make a difference to U.B.C. if they had residences?"

"Yes, a very great difference. In fact, they are what really makes a university; that is, they are a great asset," asserted Mr. Conway, not wishing to commit himself.

"How are sports at U.B.C.?"

"Well, it's mainly rugby, which goes on all season. The All Blacks from New Zealand are coming to play us."

The Gateway cautiously brought up the rugby game of last season when Varsity played U.B.C., and strange as it may seem, no one could remember who won.

"I think," said Mr. Conway, "that there was a heavy fog and they called the game off."

"Do you know that?" queried Mr. Rosenbaum.

"Well, there was a lot of mud or something, wasn't there?" ventured The Gateway.

No one could decide, so we let it drop. Maybe someone will tell us, "Who did win that game?"

U.B.C. have no tuck shops, but they've got a cafeteria.

"Called the Caf," stated Mr. Rosenbaum.

"And it's the 'Hub of the Campus,'" said Mr. Conway.

Mr. Conway artistically described the setting of the U.B.C. Varsity. Excuse The Gateway rendering of the very exquisite language of Mr. Conway:

"Situating on the tip of a peninsula, overlooking the Gulf of Georgia, one can watch (while at lectures, I hope) the transatlantic liners steaming into port. One can see the mountains in the background, the blue of the sea and sky."

And just imagine, folks, one has to study in an atmosphere like that. Girls were brought up, but were dismissed as quickly, the boys having only seen one, and a sample is never a good forerunner of what is to come, so be prepared, girls, they're going to look you over tomorrow.

Lots of luck, boys, in your debate tomorrow night.

### FOUND

Gent's wrist watch, owner please call 203 Athabasca Hall.

### FOUND

A green Parker fountain pen. Owner please apply at Gateway office.



Friday, Jan. 17—Intervarsity Debate, Alberta vs. U.B.C., Convocation Hall, 8:15 p.m.

Undergrad Dance, Athabasca Hall, 9:00 p.m.

Saturday, Jan. 18—Hockey, Varsity vs. Calgary All Stars, Varsity Rink, 8:30.

Monday, Jan. 20—Commerce Club Luncheon, Varsity Tuck, 12:35. Speaker, R. Steele.

Band Practice, Arts 50, 7:30-9:00 p.m.

Girls' Hockey vs. Muttart Orioles, Varsity Rink, 9:30. Admission 10c.

Tuesday, Jan. 21—Organ Recital by Mr. Nichols in Convocation Hall, 7:15 p.m.

# The Gateway

VOL. XXVI, No. 20.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1936

FOUR PAGES

## UNDERGRAD MACHINERY SET FOR TONIGHT

### FESTIVAL PLAY



MISS MARY SUTHERLAND

President of the Dramatic Society and Director of the University entrant in the Calgary Dramatic Festival next month.

## Festival Play Dramat Tragedy

### Experienced Actors Fill Roles in Coming Production

The date is set, the cast selected and rehearsals are to begin immediately, which looks as if everything is going just hunky-dory for the dramatic event of the season.

The festival play, "Boccaccio's Untold Tale," by Harry Kemp, is the play chosen; the Grand theatre in Calgary is the place, and the 6, 7, 8 of February is the time. The director, Miss Mary Sutherland, certainly needs no introduction, and with the reins in her hands, "us guys and gals" can rest assured that the play will be a smashing success. The characters in the cast have all merited their selection by past performances. We have Harper Prowse, that veteran of the stage, the rugby field, and chief publicity man around here, who plays the male role of Florio. Marg Aldwinkle, a safe bet for any successful play, takes the part of Olivia. Marg also had the lead in last year's festival play, Kay Beach, a newcomer, but showing real dramatic ability, having won the popular vote contest in the inter-year plays, has the role of Violenti. The servant, Lizzia, will be ably played by Miss Eleanor Swallow, who for the past two years has been in the winning inter-year play.

"Boccaccio's Untold Tale" is a fourteenth century tragedy. It takes place in Italy during the great plague, and either everyone has the plague or they're scared stiff they're going to get it. Florio, a poet, is loved by two women—the good, old love triangle returning—Violenti, a woman of high degree, and conceited as such women will be, expects Florio to love her in return, but unfortunately for Violenti, Florio is in love with Olivia, a street singer, and, of course very beautiful. Three days ago Olivia became afflicted with the dreaded plague and today, the crisis is to come—she will either live or die. She lives—after all folks—the story must go on. Well, now things start happening. Violenti tells Olivia that Florio loves her only because she is beautiful. Olivia denies it. They decide to tell Florio, to test his love, that Olivia has been left ugly as a result of the plague. Florio, however, loves Olivia, ugly or not, and so as not to see her ugly, but remember her beauty, he blinds himself—a great deal of weeping, moans and things and stuff follows. Olivia lives up to her part, saying she is ugly. Violenti screeches "you lie" and Florio screeches, "get out" and as might be said of Greek tragedy, the play ends on a note of calm.

A real dramatic tragedy, capable of being a real success if well acted. Miss Sutherland is more than satisfied with her cast.

### BANDSMEN ATTENTION

There will be band practice, Monday, January 20, 7:30-9:00 p.m. in Room 49 Arts Building. Those interested please come and bring a music stand.

### LOST

Tuesday noon, Black purse containing fountain pen, street car tickets, keys, etc. Finder please phone 82111.

### Heed Ye, Misogynists and Sundry Students, Ye Gateway Extends Cordiale Invitatione

The Gateway extends a kind invitation to any faculty, club, association, or group of students to put out one edition of The Gateway. The Gateway will stand the expense of the paper, turn the office over to the lucky (?) group, and solicit the advertising, but will do nothing else towards the production of the paper. And further be it understood that the organization which expresses its willingness to accept the responsibility must also be willing to accept liability for any matter which they see fit to publish. The date for the publication of this issue will be Tuesday, January 28th. The final choice will be at the discretion of the Editor-in-Chief, and the first or any application will not necessarily be accepted.

### DENTAL CLUB HEARS DR. R. W. BRADLEY

Tuesday evening the Dental Club held a very successful meeting. The speaker for the evening was Dr. R. W. Bradley.

Dr. Bradley related his experiences in the war. He was a German prisoner for over a year, and he was able to give a very vivid description of that side of the war.

Beginning with his enlistment, he traced his movements, aided by maps, photographs and souvenirs, up to his capture, then recounted his life as a German prisoner. Although food was scarce many times, he believed they were well treated, and said he thought "the Germans were pretty good."

His humorous injections throughout kept the club in an uproar of laughter. It was apparent that all were interested, and enjoyed a delightful evening.

In the business part of the meeting a committee was selected to arrange for the coming banquet.

The Dental Club again thank Dr. Bradley for his interesting talk.

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

A city-wide conference of all young people's organizations in Edmonton is being held in St. Stephen's College Auditorium on Saturday afternoon and evening, January 18th.

The purpose of this conference is to form a city-wide Federation which in turn will be part of a Provincial and Dominion Youth Federation. It is a non-political, non-sectarian organization whose objectives are educational in the interests of world peace and social betterment. The constitution proposed and the timetable of the sessions may be seen in the Gateway office. Anyone interested is cordially invited to attend the conference.

## MILITIA MEN HOLD FORMAL

### C.O.T.C. Dance Set For Next Friday

Planned for months, hoped for, prayed for, and worked for, the C.O.T.C. dance will be a big event in the history of our unit at Alberta. Two hundred tickets will be on sale starting Friday at 9:30, January 17. Hours are as follows: Friday 9:30 to 12:30, Saturday, January 18, 9:30 to 12:30; Monday, January 20, 9:30 to 12:30 and 1:30 to 3:30. The price will be one dollar per couple, this to include the lunch served (guaranteed to not be bully beef and plum and apple jam). There is no preference list. Officers and men of the unit are entitled to attend. Any extra tickets will be available to past officers on Tuesday, January 21.

The 49th Battalion orchestra will play the troops into action at 20:30 hours on Friday 24th in Athabasca Hall. Stand by to support your unit and its esprit de corps.

Patronesses will be: Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Strickland, Mrs. MacEachran and Miss Dodd.

Program for C.O.T.C. dance:

1. Fox Trot.
2. Fox Trot.
3. Fox Trot.
4. Waltz.
5. Slow Fox Trot.
6. Fox Trot.
7. Waltz.
8. 1st Extra.
9. 2nd Extra.
10. Waltz.
11. Intermision.
12. Waltz.
13. 3rd Extra.
14. 4th Extra.
15. Waltz.
16. Slow Fox Trot.
17. Fox Trot.
18. Waltz.

## Restless Mind, Itching Foot Characterize Greek

Dr. Hardy Delivers Paper on "Hellenism—the Restless Mind" to  
Philosophical Society

### LIFE OF ANCIENT GREEK

A very well attended meeting of the Philosophical Society heard Dr. W. G. Hardy lecture on "Hellenism, The Restless Mind," Wednesday, in Convocation Hall.

Introducing his subject Dr. Hardy said, "It will be impossible to discuss all the factors of Hellenism in the short time allotted to me. All I hope to do is to pick out one or two of those qualities which I believe to be part of the essence of Hellenism."

In our civilization today mind has a dominant place in the affairs of man. This fact we owe to the Greeks. The Greek civilization was one based on freedom of thought. The Greek guarded his liberty with great care. The mind was left free and an almost perfect balance between mind and spirit was attained.

Dr. Hardy described Greece as being a "small and poverty-stricken country" and he took the "restless mind" with him and travelled greatly. Wherever he went, the Greek had an "itching foot" and in this way Greek knowledge spread through the world.

In almost every fundamental field of life it was the Greek who took the first indispensable steps," said Dr. Hardy. "We might almost say that without the Greeks there would be no modern science."

In the field of religion the Greeks dominated also. Christianity owes a great debt to Greek philosophic thought. It was the Greek language and Greek thought that made it possible for Christianity to become a universal religion. Centuries before Christianity came into existence the Greeks preached of a heaven and a hell, of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

"However, the greatest contribution of the Greeks is in art and literature and in the field of ideas. Their art has never been surpassed and what small proportion of their literature that has been preserved is recognized as being among the greatest ever produced. The ideas behind words like politics, democracy, tyranny, music, poetry, and rhythm were invented in Greece," said Dr. Hardy.

The Greeks gave us the restless and inquiring mind. "Never to let any one rest" is the essence of Hellenism. We study Greek civilization today because our civilization is founded on it.

"The Greeks are, in a sense, our mental and spiritual forefathers," said Dr. Hardy, "and they would probably disown their descendants. Greek freedom, the freedom to do and say what one pleases is becoming rare in western civilization. In the dictatorships in Europe the mind is not free and even in the Anglo-Saxon democracy there is a tendency to limit the freedom of speech and thought."

In Greece a man was free to say or write what he wanted. This freedom was exhibited by some of the plays that were written and acted at that time.

The Greek idea of freedom was 1. Freedom of interference with free speech; 2. Everything should be analyzed to see if it is right. The important thing to the Greek was, "if a thing is wrong, let it be proved wrong." 3. Tolerance of other people's points of view.

"The Greek idea of freedom is a challenge to our own," said Dr.

## Acrobatic Display Enthralls Students

### Practical Joke in Residence Amusing

Students returning to residence at noon on Tuesday were treated to the spectacle of a fair damsel climbing up the brick wall of Athabasca Hall. Evidently it had been a hard climb for she hung motionless, her hands clutching the window ledge of room 3--The students stopped and stared at the limp body clinging to the wall. But this daring co-ed was not of human flesh and blood. Oh no! The product of the fertile minds of practical jokers, she was composed of pillow slips, pajamas, etc. and etc. not to mention dainty red slippers. As the dummy hung there, the watching students became aware of the embarrassed occupant of the room gazing out at the damsel in distress. The professor, for professor he was, clutched wildly at various articles of her dress and the maid was rescued from her precarious position. Cheers rose from the students at the daring professor and his successful rescue, and the suggestion was made that a medal be struck and presented to him to commemorate his brave deed.



MR. EMBRYS JONES

Director of the Spring Play, "The Wind and the Rain." The cast has not been completed yet, final tryouts being held Friday night. There are a number of roles still unfilled and men interested in dramatics are asked to turn out to these tryouts. Rehearsals will start on the play early next week. Mr. Jones has every confidence in the cast so far selected and says that the play promises to be a very successful production.

### UNIVERSITY DEBATE TONIGHT

Convocation Hall, 8:15 p.m.

Students Free to Gallery on presentation of Evergreen and Gold cards.

## Come One, Come All!

The Undergrad being held tonight is a formal dance and faculty colors may be worn.

For Arts (including LL.D.)—Green and White.

For Applied Science—Light Green.

For Law—Scarlet.

For Agriculture—Pale Blue.

For Education—Lilac.

For Medicine—Rose.

For Dentistry—Buff.

For Pharmacy—Cinnamon.

For Divinity—Purple.

For Household Economics—Pink.

For Commerce—Silver Gray.

## News Hounds Scoop Arson Squad

### Famous Snoopers Snoop and Find Conflagration in Popular Meeting Place

Raging flames, bellowing clouds of smoke, writhing lines of hose pouring tons of water into a red-hot inferno—such was the scene that was narrowly averted late Thursday afternoon in St. Joseph's College in the presence of two wondering and slightly dazed Gateway reporters who had gone into Joe's Cafeteria in order to drown their cares in drink.

Just as the pair had gotten themselves comfortably ensconced in two over-stuffed chairs, a bitter, acrid smell smote the nostrils of newsmen number one. Carefully setting down his upraised glass, he quoth, "I smell smoke!"

A startled look crossed the countenance of newsmen number two, who, after carefully sampling the atmosphere, remarked succinctly, "Me too!"

With a nose for news as their only guide, the pair set out through a maze of passageways, finally ending up in the dressing room of the gymnasium, where a woebegone group were holding up the charred remains of various pieces of wearing apparel, now only burnt offerings.

Apparently the boxing class had been in session, and towards the close of the afternoon had noticed smoke issuing forth from the dressing room. Upon investigation, various pieces of clothing were found ablaze, due probably to a misplaced cigarette butt or carelessly thrown match.

Casualties were as follows: No lives, two overcoats, two scarfs, two shirts, and various sundry unmentionables dear to the hearts of mankind.

### ARCHITECTURAL CLUB MEETING

On Tuesday, January 16, Prof. H. R. Webb, of the Department of Civil Engineering, spoke to the Architectural Students' Club on the topic, "Concrete in Architecture." He pointed out the two main fields of concrete use, structural and decorative, showing by projection a number of very fine examples of structures given a very distinctive beauty by the ornamentation with concrete. The work of John J. Erley in connection with the ceilings of the U.S. Department of Justice building, and the decoration of the dome of the Baha'i Temple, were of particular interest.

Refreshments were served after the meeting.



Mary Sutherland preparing for the Spring Play tryouts.

Archie McEwan presiding at a meeting of the interfaculty hockey managers.

Bill Pryde reading his fan mail—some say, from a little blonde many miles away.

Mary Skene dashing madly to a Philharmonic rehearsal on Wednesday evening.

Jack Bergman bragging.

Archie White buying his tickets for the C.O.T.C. Ball.

Doug Burke buying a corsage—that's a good way to win favor, Doug, old kid!

Clarence Weekes being picked up by the R.C.M.P. patrol wagon.

Frank Swanson being waylaid by four co-eds. Were they Pi Phi's?





## THE GATEWAY

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## FRIDAY EDITION

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## THE POT

At the present moment of writing we are filled with a yearning admiration for such people as Mr. Chesterion, who can produce columns of printed matter all worth devoting a minute or so of one's time to, with the ease and regularity characteristic of a machine age. But then we reflect that statistics have shown that only three percent of the literate population of the University devote any time to these editorials anyway. So why not slide slightly down from the throne of the first person plural (editorial we to you), take a holiday from the solemn and pontifical saws that we are traditionally bound to utter on all sorts of serious topics that we know so little about, and indulge in a bit of that delightfully intimate over-the-tea-cups chatter about snow on the window panes and things literary which traditionally graces the boxed editorials of our sister sheet, the Co-ed Columns. But then again—have we the feminine touch? Probably not.

You see, serious thoughts are rare and precious things, and cannot be simply turned on and off even for the sake of filling column one of page two so that the Student Body may have its bi-weekly dose of Student Opinion in time for afternoon tea at Tuck. And when drafted for this particular job, this particular week, we found that our "serious thoughts" were all centered about a topic which Student Opinion is as yet too young to discuss—that is if it be on the wrong side. We might, for instance, advocate a school for the advancement of the technical art of agitation and riot among the Communist party. But the editors must stand and fall together, and that apparently isn't the stand we take. Other paragraph headings that came to mind were: "Political Parties, Sacred and Profane" and "Cross-word Puzzle Scholarships, or An Academic Pursuit of the Humanities." But we (all of us) still hope to get our degrees. They might come in handy sometime if the Social Revolution doesn't come administering castor oil to our bourgeois intellectuals. And thus it was, dear reader (?), that we lit a feeble flame below the pot, boiling out the thin soup you have been tasting.

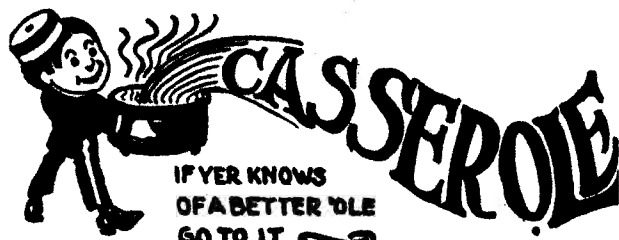
## POLITICAL PARTIES, PROFANE

The Nazi party obviously falls without the pale of those which are on the side of the angels. In fact, it has even passed laws against all angels, powers and principalities of the orthodox non-Aryan sort. And because of this we have periodically under discussed the question "of whether or not those of us who are more intimately related to the angelic host should resign to jump hurdles and hurl discs in the near future at Berlin. Now what politics have to do with Olympic Games is a bit beyond us. Guarantees have been given that "non-Aryans" will be allowed to compete (if there are any left in Germany by then) and anyway it is none of our business. The ethic of criminology differs rather widely from place to place—and if we protest that these non-Aryans have been placed under a handicap in the Nasty Reich, one might (if one cared to do such things) retort that among more civilized communities many an athletic youth is handicapped in Olympic competition by having been born in slums, made a criminal by that circumstance, and placed out of the reach of Olympic clubs behind cute vertical rows of steel bars. And as for the other fear of propaganda being disseminated among our innocent strong boys while they are in Berlin, do we not, as sons of Milton and Mill, believe cloistered virtue to be not worth a clyster, and not all mental aberrations should be given their chance, because the truth will prevail?

## DID YOU FLUNK YOUR EXAMS?

Those who obtained low grades in the Christmas tests may find some consolation in the results of a recent enquiry conducted by a distinguished British commission on the question of examiners. Startling discrepancies in the marks awarded to the same papers by various examiners working under identical rules were revealed.

Ten different examiners marked one English essay and the marks varied from 15 to 78. The average range in marks was as high as 36.5. These papers were marked by impression. When marked under a detailed scheme it was expected the discrepancies would tend to disappear, but the average range was reduced only from 36.5 to 28.9. Even in a mathematical paper, the difference ran as high as 39 marks. Fifteen scripts which had originally been awarded the same mark by the authority concerned were given to fifteen examiners and the marks ranged from 21 to 70. The same papers were given to the same examiners twelve months later and



## Humor

An Englishman on a visit to the West decided to go horseback riding. The hostler who attended him asked, "Do you prefer an English saddle or a Western?"  
What's the difference? was the reply.  
The Western saddle has a horn, said the attendant.  
I don't think I'll need the horn, said the Englishman.  
I don't intend to ride in heavy traffic.  
—Strathmore Standard.

## A Shocking Baby—Watt?

Johnston: And what have you decided to call the new baby?  
Wilkins: Edison.  
Johnston: Edison! Why, do you think he possesses some of the characteristics of the great inventor, and that makes you choose that name?  
Wilkins: Well, Edison said four hours' sleep is enough for any man.  
—Bassona Mail.

The scene: Two bananas lying on a table.  
Why don't they fight?  
Ans.: They're yellow.

## White Faced Mary

Mary had a little lamb,  
A lobster and some prunes,  
A glass of milk, a piece of cake  
And then some racaroons.

It made the naughty waiters grin  
To see her order so.  
And when they carried Mary out,  
Her face was white as snow.  
—The Cauldron.

Brown: "Did you fish with flies?"  
Gray (back from camping holiday): "Fish with them? We fished with them, camped with them, ate with them, and slept with them."  
—Toronto Globe.

Mrs. Peck: Now, Henry, what are you thinking about? I can always tell when you have some thought that you are trying to conceal from me. Out with it!  
Henry: I was just wondering what the Mormons could see in polygamy.  
—Blairmore Enterprise.

Here's rather a good one from the South:  
President Roosevelt wrote a mystery novel in which it appears he wishes to have a rich man "fed up" with a successful career, disappear . . . but take his money with him. The problem arose: How can he carry off \$5,000,000, largely in negotiable securities, and not be traced?

Mr. Roosevelt didn't know, and his publishers offered a prize for the best solution. We feel that this should go to one Raymond Clapper, "Washington Post" columnist, who, in offering a solution, says:

"If a man wants to disappear with only \$5,000,000 . . . why couldn't he hide in the Works Progress Administration?"

## ITALIAN BLUES

A dance  
A data  
Perchance  
Out lata;  
A classa  
A quizza  
No passa  
No passa  
Alas!  
—Manitoba.

"Music Goes Round" is the leading tune.  
—Minnesota Daily.

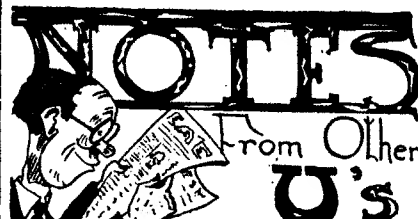
In reply to an invitation to lunch with Lady Randolph, George Bernard Shaw wired: "Certainly not, what have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?"  
Lady Randolph sent another telegram: "Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not as bad as your manners."

the marks ranged from 16 to 71 with individual examiners disagreeing with their own previous decision. In another test of a similar nature examiners changed their minds as to the verdict of pass, fail and credit in 92 cases out of 200.

Comment on the question in The Schoolmaster, Oxford, expressed the belief that such variance in examinations inside a school was reduced to a minimum since one teacher dealt with a whole subject group and was acquainted with the student's day to day work.

The experiments were carefully conducted and the examiners knew of the experiment. Such facts are amazing and are more than likely true in similar situations in Canada. One cannot help wonder what discrepancies would be found in the marking of collegiate and high school final examinations and what effect they might have on the future of the individuals concerned.

Even in universities, professors must be influenced to some degree in their marking by personal prejudices and their particular feeling at the moment. There seems to be no substitute for examinations, but real efforts should be made to remove some of the unfairness which necessarily surrounds them.  
—THE SHEAF.



## JUDGE PRESENTS LEAP YEAR COMMANDMENTS

Judge Henry Meads of the Wyandotte county, Kansas, probate court announces ten commandments to guide women who wish to take advantage of leap year.

Don't pick a sheik.  
Don't let a handsome face influence your better judgment.

Don't shy from the bashful because the bashful are shy.  
Consider the man who considers his nickels.

Believe not that the man with the auto has the only vehicle to happiness.

Remember clothes may make the man and fill the clothes closet but they don't fill the pantry.

Don't delay a proposal because he is old-fashioned. He may be like your father.

Demand much character, but be satisfied with a small part of the pay cheque.

Don't be finicky; you have faults yourself.  
Let love be the only consideration; it's all that counts.  
—The Collegian.

## Campus Quote

"Do you really like conceited co-eds better than any other kind?"  
"What other kind?"  
—Junior Collegian.

## Paging Mr. Prowse

O, some may long for the soothing touch

Of lavender, cream or mauve,  
But the ties I wear must possess the glare

Of a red-hot kitchen stove.  
The books I read and the life I lead  
Are sensible, sane and mild.

I like calm hats, and I don't wear spats,  
But I have my neckties wild!

Give me a wild tie, brother,  
One with a cosmic urge!

A tie that will swear  
And rip and tear

When it sees my old blue serge.  
O, some will say that a gent's cravat  
Should only be seen, not heard,

But I want a tie that will make men cry  
And render their vision blurred.

I yearn, I long, for a tie so strong  
It will take two men to tie it.

If such there be, just show it to me—  
Whatever the price, I'll buy it!

Give me a wild tie, brother,  
One with lots of sins!

A tie that will blaze  
In a hectic haze

Down where the vest begins.  
—Exchange.

A certain junior at Miami University has been nominated as the "work-iest" college student in the world. He carries 20 study hours a week with Auditing as one course. To support himself, he works 50 hours a month on the NYA, is an assistant in the Physics department, grades papers for the Math department, and is employed from seven to midnight every day in the office of a taxi company!

The biology prof. was speaking: "I have here some very fine specimens of dissected frogs, which I will show you."

Unwrapping the parcel, some sandwiches, fruit and hard-boiled eggs came to view.

"But, surely—I ate my lunch!" he exclaimed.

Rare wisdom is to be found in rare and unsuspected places. And so when we indulge in conversation with an affable yet cynical clerk in a local hostelry and found him with a maxim-um of sober wit, we felt it our delightful duty to pass the say-ings on to you. Seriously, beneath every thought there lies a wealth of worldly wisdom and a shrewd knowledge of that elusive, indefinable, contradiction that is wo(e)man.  
—R. J. S.

## HINTS ON SOLICITING ADVERTISING

Procuring advertisements is a wonderful opportunity to forever kill your inferiority complex.

When you are quite green (and look the part), you are ushered into the very sanctus sanctorum of the advertising manager, and, after a great deal of stuttering, you finally manage to splutter forth your originally well-memorized sales talk, and kindly, although quite decidedly, are conducted out with a polite "No".

On the other hand, however, after a week of your advertising campaign has sped by, then your mien and sales talk are at their height of effectiveness. The head man of each firm realizes that you are out to procure his advertisement with the least possible time and sales talk. Consequently your business attitude has impressed him and the contract is signed!

## Types of Victims

1. Gruff type.—This type of victim should be handled with diplomacy.

2. Serious type.—Omit all stock jokes when speaking to this person.

3. Hearty Blustering type.—Jolly him along to a large advertisement.

4. Pleasant type.—Plan upon this type of person's sympathies in regard to the difficulty of procuring advertisements.

5. Unpleasant type.—Retire from this person's presence as quickly and gracefully as possible.

6. "For Alma Mater" type.—Turn on all your advertising personality and power on this person to procure an advertisement.  
—B. L.

Johnian, Winnipeg, Man.

WHEN YOU'VE HAD A MEAL WHICH DOESN'T QUITE "FILL THE BILL"...



THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE

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University of Alberta,  
January 15, 1936.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In The Gateway of Friday, Jan. 10, appears an editorial verifying rather than dispelling the impression that freedom of speech and thought is being objected to by this influential paper.

To quote from this editorial: "We are absolutely in favor of freedom of speech and thought in the University or elsewhere for that matter." Why does the editor immediately refute this noble assertion by stating that: "We would welcome the discussion of Communist doctrines and the Russian plan led by a speaker who was not involved in Communist Party politics"? What does he mean by freedom of speech when he definitely draws a line on Communists?

Would a clear presentation of those politics be given by one outside the organization? A parallel to this suggestion might be the importation of Mr. Howson to explain Mr. Aberhart's Social Credit proposals.

As is clearly seen the line drawn on Communists could be applied to others should they be objected to. Is this freedom of speech? No, it is a definite curtailment. The impression received by the editor previous to Christmas has not been dispelled.

Yours sincerely,  
HAROLD WOODSWORTH.

Harlan—What's the difference between the cud-chewing cow and the gum-chewing girl?

Mary—The innocent look on the cow's face.

## VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

DON'T start taking breakfast to bed.  
DON'T start waxing floors.  
DON'T Ever go shopping.  
DON'T forget to 'phone if you're going to be late.  
DON'T LIE—they find out anyway.  
DON'T start washing dishes, or you will soon be drying them as well.

DON'T talk shop around the house.  
DON'T forget to notice any change in the furniture in the suite.

DON'T forget to take her out to dinner once in awhile—you usually get a good meal out of it.

DON'T forget to give plenty of notice before bringing anyone home for dinner.

DON'T FORGET ANNIVERSARIES AND BIRTHDAYS—VERY IMPORTANT.

DON'T ARGUE—she will eventually talk herself out.

DON'T FORGET TO MAIL LETTERS GIVEN YOU OR THERE WILL HELL TO PAY!

DON'T forget to notice new Finger Waves or she will think you "DON'T LOVE HER ANY-MORE."

DON'T forget to take home some flowers once in a while—it usually keeps PEACE for a short period.

And above all  
DON'T TALK IN YOUR SLEEP!

—Glasgow's T. W.

## STRENUOUS EXERCISE

An unusual accident in athletic circles occurred recently at the University of Minnesota when a student, in making a difficult shot in a pool game, displaced a vertebra in his back. Next we'll be hearing that some hardy athlete broke his wrist playing checkers.

—Daily Maroon.

View Books of University and City ..... 25c  
A few Eversharp Pencils, reg. 90c, now ..... 50c  
Fountain Pens, reg. \$2.00, now ..... \$1.25

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# CO-ED COLUMNS

## THIS IS SHE

By Arthur Guiterman

On order that must be obeyed  
I sing of a dear little maid  
A mirthfully serious,  
Sober, delirious,  
Gently imperious  
Maid.  
And first we'll consider her eyes  
(Alike as to color and size);  
Her wrinkable, blinkable,  
Merrily twinkable,  
Eyes.  
Simply unthinkable  
Then, having a moment to spare,  
We turn our attention to hair;  
Her tendrily-curlyative,  
Tumbly-and-whirlative,  
Super-superlative  
Hair.

Forbear to dismiss with a shrug  
Her nose, undeniably pug;  
Her strictly permissible,  
Turn-up-like-thisable  
Urgently kissable  
Pug.

Now, moving a point to the south,  
We come to an Actual Mouth;  
A coral, periferous,  
Argumentiferous,  
Mainly melliferous  
Mouth.

Observe, underneath it, a chin,  
Commoting the dimple within;  
A steady, reliable,  
Hardly defiable,  
True, undeniable  
Chin.

By all that is fair! it appears  
We'd almost forgotten her ears!  
Those never neglectable,  
Tinted, delectable,  
Highly respectable  
Ears!

And last let us speak of herself,  
That blithe little gypsy and elf,  
Her quite unignorable,  
Absence-deplorable,  
Wholly adorable  
Self.

"After this, when you enter my room  
please knock. I might be dressing."  
"I don't need to knock. I always  
look in through the keyhole first."  
Red and White.

## LINES

When I look on you whom I once loved,  
And watch you walking with certain step  
Toward that door that leads you out,  
Away from me and from the world you loved,  
I sit in frozen silence, gazing helplessly  
And hungrily.  
I am not sad; I am not frantic  
I do not wait with bitter anger or remorse.  
I loved you yesterday.  
Today, numbly I watch the living shadow that is you  
Fading forever while you smile at me,  
Laughing because you're so in love with life.  
Yesterday is gone.  
But frightened, I behold you  
As you walked out of all tomorrows.

—F. P. Mac.

## The Bookworm

Nothing makes me madder than the attitude of the average book-reviewer. They make an unholy furor over the "first novel" of any earnest young thing having an illusion of his own literary excellence—and then blithely ignore that same young thing when a few years later he does achieve something that is fairly worth while. Or if they do not choose to ignore, they dismiss the work lightly with some short comment such as "John Smith has published his third novel. The book will be interesting to those who remember reading his first, a 'best seller' some years ago." Which may be perfectly all right in some cases—but as a formula has a good many flaws in it.

Periodically I find myself getting annoyed over this attitude—and the latest cause for my ire is "Illyrian Spring." When Ann Bridge wrote "Pekin Picnic" some five years ago the reviewers went into a huddle and came out cheering for dear life—so everyone bought the book and it headed the lists of "best sellers" for months. Not that it wasn't an outstanding achievement for a first attempt—but it certainly wasn't sufficient excuse for shelving Ann Bridge for ever after. Her second, "The Ginger Griffin" did manage to get rather perfunctory notices by the numerous colleagues of Harry Hansen—but in 1935 "Illyrian Spring" was allowed to quietly take its place on the shelves of circulating libraries without so much as a single blare from one lone trumpet. And as might be expected, it so happens that "Illyrian Spring" is so much better a book than "Pekin Picnic" that it deserves a whole fanfare all to itself.

To say that it is the story of a charming London matron who, having shipped her children off to University, finds time to return to her hobby of painting—only to suddenly become one of the leading artists of the day—and who, because of her families' persistent refusal to understand her ability, flees to the Dalmatian coast for a solitary secret holiday—is to make it all sound terribly like our next-door neighbors. As a matter of fact, almost everyone in the story might be living just around the corner, but that doesn't prevent them from all being perfectly delightful people. It has something of the spirit of "Enchanted April"—and a great deal more besides. Seemingly the lightest of light fiction, there is a great deal of common sense tucked skilfully beneath the gaiety. It is a simply lovely book. For heaven's sake—don't miss it.

### FLAPPER SONG

Delta Kappa Epsilon,  
Kappa Gamma Mu,  
Pearl pins, gold pins,  
Pins enamelled blue—  
Chi, Psi, Delta, Phi,  
Delta Sigma Nu,  
Tea time, toddle time,  
Taxicabs for two.

Women may not have more backbone than men, but they show more of it.  
Minnesota Daily.

### AN AWKWARD SITUATION

Try as I would I could not rid myself of the Bore.  
He was not to be dismissed by anything I did.  
"I must go uptown," I said; but he merely replied,  
"Very well, I'll go with you."  
I invented several chores but he stuck like a leech.  
Finally I hesitated in front of a private dwelling  
I had never seen before and said to the Bore,  
"I must stop here to see an old friend.  
Goodbye."  
I ran up the steps and rang the bell.  
The door was opened by a servant.  
"Is Mrs. Robinson in?" I inquired.  
"Certainly, sir," he replied. "Step this way."



Being a cat of very little brain and easily upset by unexpected occurrences the overwhelming glory of my name-plate put me in a state of very near collapse. After all, I've struggled for years with nary so much as a faint murmur of approval—and then all of a sudden the gods smiled and the whole world was treated to a portrait of me. But don't you think for one moment that I'm going to let it change me—oh no! I'm a girl as can keep her head—and even tho' the world shower me with unsolicited honors—I know, down in my heart of hearts, that I'm just a poor, hardworking cat whose calico is wearing a bit thin in spots (I have too much natural modesty to say in which spots). And if you've ever found yourself with the calico going a bit threadbare you know that there isn't much chance for any overwhelming self-esteem. Nevertheless I shouldn't be surprised if it had some effect on me. If you see me prancing around with my ears held a little too high—just remember that I'm only human, after all.

Just as an example of some of the things that do happen—a hungry couple wandered into the Dixie Restaurant in New York in search of some nice, old-fashioned Southern cooking. The headwaiter seemed abashed when they asked for fried chicken; said the restaurant didn't have Southern cooking. "No Southern cooking at the Dixie?" said the lady of the party, considerably surprised. "Oh, the name," said the headwaiter. "We got that from the name of the cement company which occupied these premises."

All of which brings me around to a very special peeve. Why do the people milling around in motion pictures (presumably living under the impression that they're actors)—why, I say, do these thousands of people cook such succulent meals and set such an elaborate table if they never intend to do anything about consuming the same elaborate succulence? It not only bothers me—it annoys me considerably. Of course as far as those minor monstrosities known as "comedies" are concerned—it's just a matter of having food around to see who's the heftiest hurler. But in otherwise excellent productions—the waste is simply heart-rending. For instance the other day in "So Red The Rose"—a sincere and beautiful picture—we were treated to one horribly aggravating scene. Every-one was seen enjoying the first course—and the conversation, after the entry of the double-dyed villain—the "yank"—was all centered around the question of who was to eat the very inviting Southern ham. This went on for some time—and just when I had reached the point where I didn't much care who got it so long as some appreciative soul had a chance at it—what do you think happened? You

## SEAWEED

And so it came to pass that we set off in search of a position—not with the high hopes as the graduates of yore, but with grave forebodings as a result of the sad tales of woe of others. No longer could be found a pretext for procrastination—no, clearly the thing to do was to attempt to prove the justification of one's existence. Not philosophy, but action was needed.

Much has been written on the art of impressing a prospective employer, keep your fingernails clean and present an air of efficiency. No trouble with the first part of the rule, but how is one to look business-like when one's best has a fetching bow on the top. Oh well, the die being cast, we set off across the Rubicon with a certificate clutched hopefully in one hot little hand.

Our fears were assuaged when we met the eyes of a smiling gentleman and our brisk, well-rehearsed "Good morning, I have come to apply for a position," melted into a smile and a "Hello." Comfortably established in a large chair the conversation turned to the weather, inevitably, and then, surprisingly, to books. Ten minutes later, we apologetically explained that we had come in search of employment and rattled off qualifications. A look of surprise came over his face as we said we had completed the requirements for a degree, which look was somewhat disconcerting in the face of the air of knowledge we struggled to maintain. Next we gloomily said we had had some business experience—recollecting that dreadful period when typewriters, files, phone calls, buzzers, banking and appointment-making merged into an incomprehensible whole.

The conversation immediately picked up again when it was discovered that we both had the same alma mater. Professors, events and courses passed before us in review. And so it was that later, with pleasure, we waved our certificate in good bye to a charming man. But later, much later, we confessed to ourselves that our business instinct was nil and mourned a lack of interest and activity in the severely mundane matters of this world. Our New Year's resolution is to make a wild and desperate attempt to learn shorthand and to practice, ten minutes daily, an air of aggressiveness. One can always hope that the pen which signs the cheque will have at least the efficiency, if not the weight, of an interesting pen of length ten feet.  
—M. I. F.

### THE LABEL

Upon milady's desk there stands  
A leather box marked "Rubber Bands."  
I raised the lid.  
I found within:  
A pencil stub; one safety-pin;  
Some purple beads; three old thumb-tacks;  
Two cancelled stamps; red sealing-wax;  
A tangled string; four copper cents;  
Five rusty pens  
And this contents  
Is what (no doubt) she understands  
From that neat label—"Rubber Bands".  
—Tudor Jenks.

### "CO-EDIFICATION" AT NEW PEAK

Overheard in P.O. Monday afternoon by one Odin Ramsland: Girl: "Say the A.A.A.'s been declared unconstitutional." Another: "What's the A.A.A.?" First girl (serious answer): "Why that's the Automobile Association of America."  
—Minnesota Daily.

So, as Lady Godiva said as she approached the end of her famous ride, I am now near my close.  
—Manitoba.

think they compromised—and settled the war by sharing Sunday dinner? Not on your life! Just at the crucial moment millions of soldiers arrived—things started happening—and in no time at all the whole house burned down—ham, corn pone and all! Don't ask me why—all I know is that I've been hungry for a banquet—Southern Style ever since—and I'm just on the verge of writing a protest. After all—if Hollywood has nothing better to do than sacrifice food like that—I'm going to head for California and take up residence as the only genuine authorized "stage-prop diner" in the history of the industry. Want to join me?

And just as an afterthought—might I propose an expression of gratitude to the gentleman who in an off-moment set pen to paper and gave the world the following?—

### Ethnology

Rumanians plunder and raid,  
Armenians mumble and moan;  
Jugo-Slave juggle and struggle and guggle,  
But Kurds have a whey of their own.  
(P.S.—The gentleman in question is Henry William Hanemann—but it's somehow so much more fun to be a bit vague about such things—don't you think so, Georgie Porgie?)

## THEATRE NEWS

STRAND THEATRE, Sat., Mon., Tues., Jan. 18, 20, 21—Jack Benny in "It's in the Air."  
EMPRESS THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Jan. 20, 21, 22—Robert Donat in "The 39 Steps."  
PRINCESS THEATRE, Sat., Mon., Tues., Jan. 18, 20, 21—Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever."  
RIALTO THEATRE, Today and Sat.—On the Screen, Nils Asther, Fritz Kortner, Adrienne Ames in "Abdul The Damned"; on the Stage, Thurs., Fri., Sat., twice daily, 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

## "NOW IS THE TIME---"

Sometimes we get into nasty, wondering moods. We wonder. We ask ourselves bad questions like: "Apparently I am existing—why? Hell's bells! What ails me—boredom, weather or would a dose of Dodd's Little Liver Pills do the trick?"

For three years, off and on, we moody bits o'fluff get into these stupid, unhealthy fits of indigo despondency. No reason, but there you are. And then along comes the fourth year. And suddenly like a 1000-watt bulb flashing on in a midnight black abyss (lummel!) or one of those Cecil and Sally murder mysteries, everything clears up—beautifully, satisfactorily and sort of magically. All questions are irrefutably answered. Existence is justified. Rah! Rah! Rah! for good old Leap Year.

Ah-h-h! Leap Year! Now we've got 'em where we want 'em, bless 'em.

Of course you're not going to propose to some sawed-off, chinless wonder, complete with jumpy Adam's apple and dark indications of desperate hope for a future mustache. But of course not. And even if he isn't a sawed-off, chinless wonder, you're still not going to propose. Auk! No! "Why not?" is queried. Ah reckon ah jes' can't tell you—all, special-like, honey-chile. Ah reckon we gals jes' know better is all. Well, what then? A Leap Year's party, of course, of course, of course. Here's the set-up.

We ask the men and send them flowers and call for them and all that. "See yourselves as others see you," will be the motto of the party. Catch? It'll be deep stuff.

Betty will call for Bill a whole hour too early. She'll stamp—simply stamp—up and down the hall and jingle a bunch of keys as large as her head until Bill appears, inarticulate. She'll carry aforesaid keys to the party, hung on a rope or something and drop them every once in awhile. Cuthbert, the niggard, will wear one small pinkish raddish in his button hole, it's little red

root waving not half so red as his ears; Jean will do her darndest to keep Sam's hair and shirt-front awry all evening, on account of Sam being so hard on hair-nets—worse if you don't have one. Bob will carry a large box of candy, elaborate in a pink tissue bow. Bob is notorious for giving girls candy and staying till he eats it up. The bets are 10 to one that his appetite for candy will be practically nil that evening. Sense?

Girls lead. Take-offs on various techniques are in order. Harry is clutched in the rib-shattering grasp of his hockey champion; he looks apoplectic, Betty holds Bill at gingerly arm's length. Christine lays her cheek on Bob's shoulder and appears to be sweetly sleeping; they collide at every step.

De aboisder dese toity-toid street sheiks look de better, dear girls, so spare naught expense, originality, feelings. Make a damn nuisance of yourself. These men can take it. As a matter of fact, if they have any sense of humor whatsoever, they'll probably enter wholeheartedly into the good old spirit. They'll probably smoke up all your cigarettes; borrow our lighters. (I haven't got one but you may have) and keep them if they work; request us to take care of a dozen miscellaneous articles for the evening. But that's okay-dokey. We can take it, too—happy in the knowledge that the Juniors will have to take a lot more than the Little Gwidsleys.—G. Allen.

### GIVE 'EM HAILE

I love Selassie  
He has a bony chassie  
He is thin and his ears are small  
Though he's teeny-weeny  
He's sure got Mussolini  
Wrestlin' round and waiting for the fall.  
—The Loyalan.

## Princess Theatre

### SHOWING:

SATURDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY

GRACE MOORE in

"LOVE ME FOREVER"

The singing star of "One Night of Love" in another musical triumph!

### COMING:

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY

DELORES DEL RIO in

"IN CALIENTE"

and

FRED MACMURRAY in

"MEN WITHOUT NAMES"

## RIALTO

### TODAY AND SATURDAY

On the Screen

NILS ASTHER

FRITZ KORTNER

ADRIENNE AMES in

"Abdul The Damned"

### ON THE STAGE

Thurs., Fri., Sat.

TWICE DAILY

3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

With

Ches Lambertson's

Orchestra

Al Oliver, Olive Brosseau

DANCING CHORUS

Featured Acts

### COMING:

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WED.

Double Feature Program

PAULINE LORD in

"A FEATHER IN HER HAT"

Also

"GRETA EASY" in

"HONOURS EASY"

Also

An entire change of Stage Show

Mon., Tues., Wed., at 3:00

and 8:30 p.m.

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# INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY SERIES COMMENCES JANUARY 25

## ESKIMOS WILL PLAY IN TWO GAMES

Henry J. Roche's Eskimos will soon be able to get a game with Varsity if they keep on winning games at the rate they are going at present. Now in third place, the Eskimos are practically burning up the western league and they will be playing their hardest when they meet Vancouver Lions here on Tuesday and Thursday next. Varsity students are cordially invited to witness the contests.

## WETASKIWIN JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Coach John Talbot's senior pucksters will engage Wetaskiwin puckmen in a game at the Varsity Rink Tuesday night at 8:00 p.m. Wetaskiwin is undefeated to date and Varsity is riding high on a tide of victory. Come one and come all to see the spectacular match.

# ATHLETICS

## Lethbridge and Raymond Not To Play Games

Will Meet Varsity in Sudden Death Fixtures

AT CALGARY

Gathering of Officials Makes Decision in South

(Special to the Gateway)

CALGARY, Jan. 17.—University of Alberta students will not see Raymond or Lethbridge in action in the provincial hoop league this year.

A gathering of officials here last week-end decided that the collegians will meet both southern teams in sudden death games in Calgary. Ollie Rostrup, president of the U. of A. basketball club, represented the university at the meet.

Tentative plans call for Calgary to meet the collegians in two games on the campus on January 24 and 25 but these dates will probably be changed due to conflicting events on the campus.

The meeting was called here in order to revise the original schedule which called for home and home games for every team in the league, a schedule found impossible due to financial difficulties.

Sir Lewis Morris was complaining to Oscar Wilde about the neglect of his poems by the press. "It is a complete conspiracy of silence. What ought I to do Oscar?"

"Join it," replied Wilde.

—Toastmaster's Handbook.

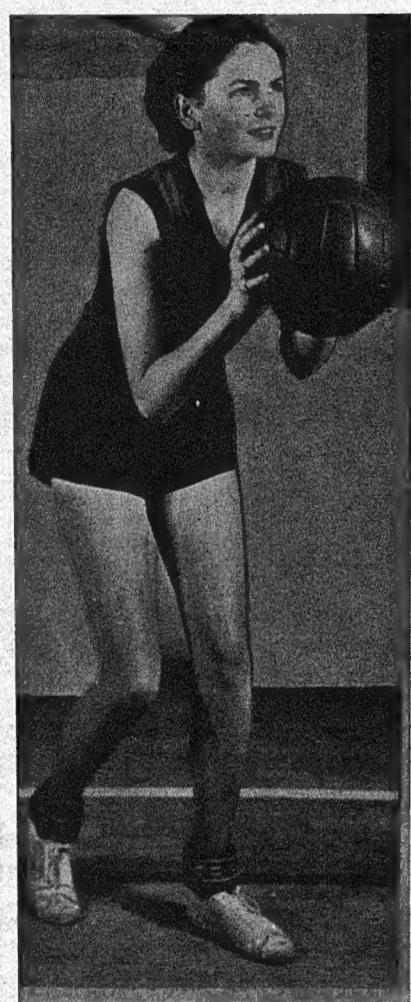
## "Blimey" Hutton in Scoring Splurge As Leaping Lenas Lose to Co-eds

Despite a wild scoring splurge by "Blimey" Hutton in which he scored a basket in the first quarter "Toar" Levesque's Leaping Lenas were trounced 22-19 by the Varsity Co-eds in a game played at Varsity gym Tuesday night.

Hutton would have scored more baskets if he hadn't been under the impression that he was a quarterback and insisted on calling signals throughout the game. Dirty old Bert Swann got three penalties—the rascal.

Jean Cogswell led the Co-eds with

## WILL SHINE



JANE MACDONALD

Who is expected to star in the new intermediate basketball league in which Varsity is entered.

## All-Star Senior and Junior Squad To Test Varsity's Stellar Aggregation In Exhibition Contest at Campus Rink

"There'll be a hot time in Varsity rink Saturday night. An all-star team from Calgary will struggle with the collegians in an intercity tilt that bids fair to drawing a capacity crowd.

The collegians have found their scoring eye at last and it is expected that the hottest part of the hot time will be at the Calgary end of the rink!

"Chequing" will be stiff.

The game will get underway at 8:30 p.m. and all who attend are assured of thrilling entertainment.

## Varsity Snipers Enjoy Field Day at Expense of Civic Youth Association

Bill Stark Clicks For Eight Goals in Contest

Who said Varsity couldn't score? Wotta game. Wotta game. The score—Varsity 20, Civic Youth Association 2.

How the C.Y.A. got two nobody knows but it was believed to have been between periods.

Varsity shone in the last period. Using a four man defence—nobody knows why—they sifted through the bewildered youths for 10 (count 'em) goals.

Wotta game. There were almost as many penalties as there were goals but who cares about that.

Following auditing of the leagues books the following goal scoring figures were released: Stark, 8; Cruickshanks, 4; Scott, 3; Dunlap, 2; Brown, 2; Sharpe, 1; Millar, 1; Woywitka, 1.

Yes, the C.Y.A. had a goalkeeper. It happened Monday night.

## NOTICE

A ski hike will be held Sunday, 2:30, weather permitting. Refreshments will be served for the nominal sum of 25 cents. See notice on notice board. All welcome. The following Monday a meeting will be held at 4:30 in Room A III. All interested welcome.

## STARK TERROR



BILL STARK

As he appeared to the Civic Youth Association goalkeeper against whom he scored eight goals Monday night. Bill says it's too bad he wasn't feeling well or he really would have gotten under way.

## SCINTILLATING



WINNIE ALGAR

One of the mainstays of Coach "Jake" Jamieson's women's hoop squad entered in the new city intermediate league.

## Saskatchewan To Pick Team This Week

"Rags" Jonsson and Lorne Gray Are Prominent

WILL BE GOOD

Difficulties in Choosing the Squad Are Vanishing

(Special to the Gateway)

SASKATOON, Jan. 17.—Due to continued difficulties being experienced by Saskatoon University in choosing a team, the intercollegiate series between the institution and Alberta University has been postponed another week.

Originally scheduled to commence here this week-end, the series will get underway at Alberta next week-end, January 25 and 27. Alberta will return here two weeks later, according to present plans.

Although these dates were decided on last week after postponement of the opening series from January 10, they were not confirmed until this week.

With forty men from the Big Four League eligible to play senior hockey and few practices held to date, it would be worse than useless to even tentatively pick a team.

Two players who are almost sure to catch places are "Rags" Jonsson and Lorne Gray. The local senior club has been angling for the services of these two stalwarts all season but they prefer to stay with the Varsity loop.

Jonsson is the lad who made Alberta rugby fans sit up and take notice when he ran wild on your campus for three touchdowns. He is an even better hockey player.

## Women's Senior Basketball Squad in New Three-Team Intermediate League

Varsity's senior women's basketball team will figure in a three team city league as a result of arrangements completed by Coach "Jake" Jamieson and the team management.

Competing will be Varsity, the Imperials and the Comets. There will be a three out of five game series to decide the possessor of the right to represent Northern Alberta in the provincial playdowns.

It was thought that the Normal school would be represented in the league but Dr. Ford, the principal, put his foot down and as a result of his action the Normalites were forced out of the league.

The team leading the league at the end of the season will be declared the champions of the city intermediate division.

Schedule follows: Jan. 16, Imps at Varsity; Jan. 23, Comets at Varsity; Jan. 29, Comets at Imps; Jan. 31, Varsity at Comets; Feb. 5, Varsity at Imps; Feb. 7, Imps at Comets.

## NOTICE

Those players who still have rugby equipment will return same before January 31, or be charged the value of the equipment they have.

CENTRAL CHECK.

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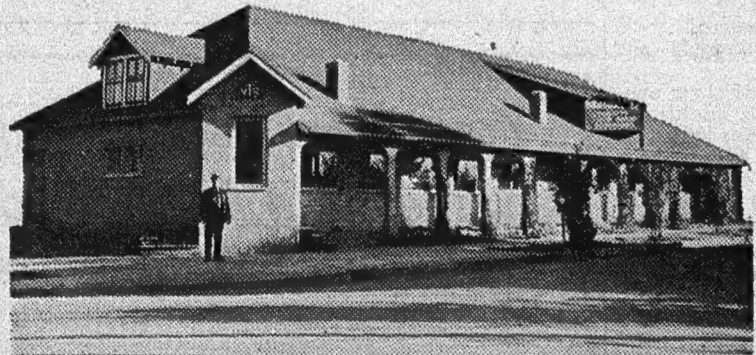
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## Sport Box

By Paul Malone

Ho hum. Another week and nothing but trouble on all sides.

Dirty work has been afoot ever since the Christmas holidays and it culminated during the past week-end with the resignations of all Friday sport staff reporters. We know this will come as a shock to our readers but the facts have to be faced.

For the first time anywhere we give you the following information: The man responsible is H. J. MacDonald, sports editor of the Tuesday edition. Spurred on and

whetted by professional jealousy, H. J. has resorted to unprintable methods in luring away the Friday sports reporters.

H. J. is commonly known as "the janitor." (Nothing personal.) In fact whenever he isn't being taken for one of the Lister boys, he is being called "professor." We are telling you these things because we think you ought to know them. You can judge the facts for yourself.

First to flee to the enemy ranks was Patrick Q. Morris. However, that was understandable, because he has had love ever since the Varsity ball and is not responsible. "Q" chronically bothers the botany lab for flowers to play "she loves me"—"she loves me not," proving our point, but we maintain that H. J. worked upon a guileless youth in luring him away from honorable employment and honorable standing among his fellow students. Now that he is associated with the Tuesday staff—but need we mention it?

We are printing these vital and rather embarrassing facts to show what pitfalls lie before freshmen and to fill up the column. We do not feel sorry for ourselves, we do not mind doing extra work, but we feel keenly the bitterness of the fate of Morris and his brethren who have been let astray. It is highly probable that a fund will be started shortly to which donations can be made to try to right the state of affairs. (Make your cheques payable to Friday Sports Editor, Gateway.)

For our friends we say: "We will carry on to the last ditch." Green and Gold! Quaecumque Veral! Guide us through each coming era, Guide us on through battle gory, For the right and greater glory.



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